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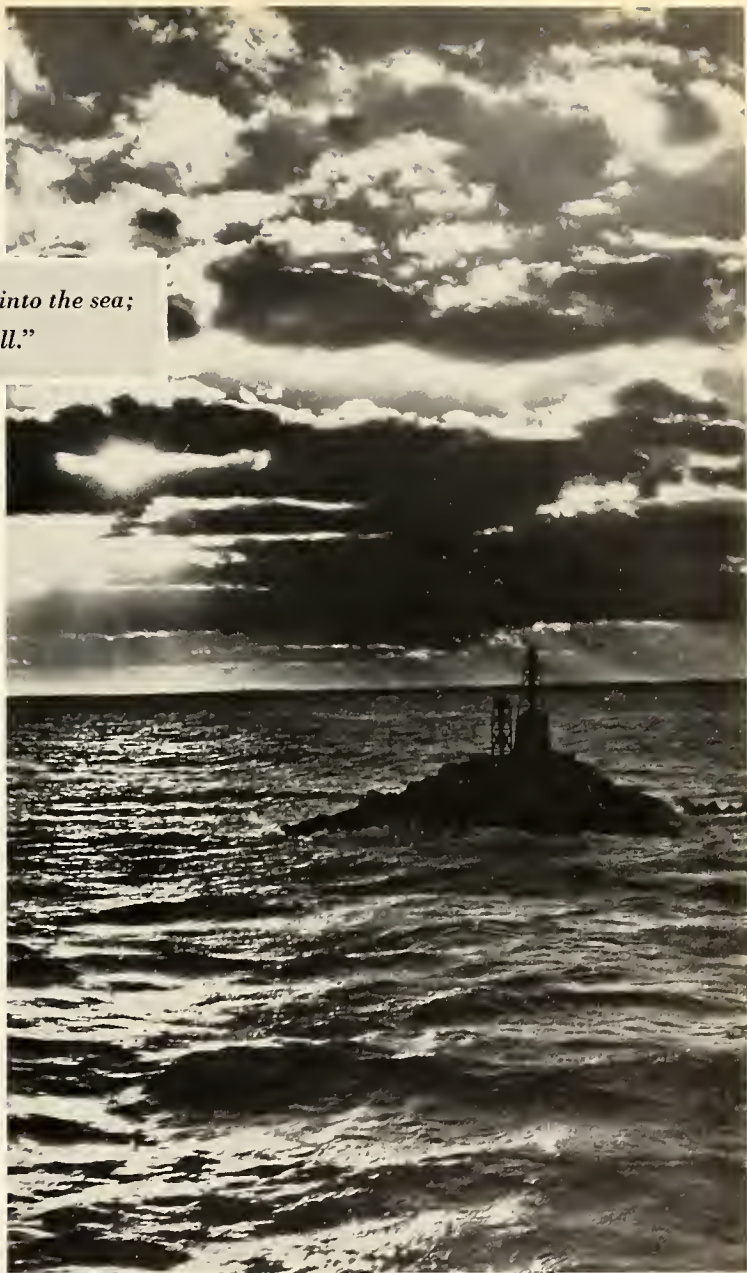


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*"All the rivers run into the sea;
yet the sea is not full."*



Class of 1956 presents...



Presbyterian Hospital



STARCH AND STRIPES

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*Department of Nursing
Faculty of Medicine
Columbia University*

New York City

To Miss Margaret Eliot



Because of your unfailing spirit which we have seen and wish to inherit, because of your sense of humor and warmth we would like to share, and because you represent that inexpressible quality in nursing we have hoped to acquire in these three years, it is to you Miss Eliot, because of these things, that . . .

... we proudly dedicate our yearbook.



ELEANOR LEE, A.B., R.N.
Executive Officer,
Department of Nursing



HELEN F. PETTIT, R.N., B.S., A.M.
Director of Nursing Education



Grayson Kirk, Ph.D., L.L.D.
President of Columbia University



William Cole Rappleye,
A.M., M.D., Sc.D., Med. Sc.D.
Dean of the Faculty of Medicine

ADMINISTRATION AND NURSING FACULTY



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R.N., A.B., B.S., A.M.



Mary E. Allanach,
R.N., B.S., A.M.



Marion D. Cleveland,
R.N., B.S., M.S.



Beth L. Cameron,
R.N., B.S., A.M.



Charles P. Cooper,
M.E., D. Sc.
President
The Presbyterian Hospital



Alvin J. Binkert, B.A.
Vice President
and General Manager
The Presbyterian Hospital



Cecile Covell, R.N., B.S.



Mary I. Crawford,
R.N., B.S., A.M., M.N.



Angela J. Del Vecchio,
R.N., B.S., A.M.



Helen C. Delabarre,
R.N., B.S., A.M.



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R.N., B.S., A.M.



Bernice Derby, R.N., B.S.



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R.N., B.S.



Kathlyn Y. Egan, R.N., B.S.



Nellie Estes, R.N.



Dolores C. Farrell,
R.N., B.S.



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Estelle Guidice, R.N., B.S.



Ruth M. Gunter, R.N., B.S.



Constance C. Hamon,
R.N., B.S.



Margaret J. Hawthorne,
R.N., B.S.



Rose M. Hoynak, R.N., B.S.



Louisa M. Kent,
R.N., B.S., A.M.



A. Beatrice Langmuir, R.N.



Rosalie M. Lombard,
R.N., B.S.



Ruth A. Lynch,
R.N., A.B., B.S., A.M.



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R.N., B.S.



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R.N., B.S., A.M.



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R.N., B.S., A.M.



Elize Poestkoke, R.N., B.S.



Eula W. Rathbun, B.S., A.M.



Lucille Dewey Sondheim,
R.N., B.S., A.M.



Florence L. Vanderbilt,
R.N., B.S.



Delphine F. Wilde,
R.N., B.S., A.M.

HOUSE STAFF 1956





Class Adviser

BEATRICE DORBACKER

With thanks for your support during the dark hours of our many trials and tribulations. With you, we can look back with many amusing and serious memories and smile at the past. Through your eyes we can look to the future with confidence and hope in the knowledge that there will never be another class like the class of 1956.



Honorary Class Member

CALVIN PLIMPTON

"Your class" will hold you always high in our hearts. Generous . . . humorous . . . gentle . . . wonderful . . . humane are mere words but what they represent will remind us of you in years to come. In *our* eyes, as doctor, teacher and friend, you surpass them all. And, as classmate, you hold that special distinction of being the only married member who could live at home.

*"And all I ask is a tall ship
and a star to steer her by . . ."*



SENIORS

Anne Jeanne Abrahams

Always on the go . . . one day off and up state she goes . . . "Gee, Navy Nurses have it great!" . . . impressive wardrobe and racks of shoes . . . "Mother Hen."



Jacqueline Alice Baima

The gorgeous smile and sparkling eyes . . . always cheerful and lively . . . original pin-up girl . . . the cool voice . . . appreciated sight for the patient in the Recovery Room . . . gentle manner.



Patricia Bannerman

Miss Casual . . . piquant with a tailored touch . . . great projects to clean room never activated . . . has amusing comments on just about everything . . . the dangling cigarette . . . usually seen - late for class.

Sally Anne Barone

Bursting with vitality . . . excursions to Monday afternoon classes . . . California bound . . . Ron . . . such brown piercing eyes . . . a most curious and intelligent lady.





Betty Lou Baxter

Village addict . . . "silver hairs among . . ." vivacious and cheerful . . . good sense of humor . . . wise and just . . . a ready laugh.



Sarah Swick Becker

"Sallie" . . . slow, sure talker . . . always leaving husband just in time to go on duty . . . wonderful letters from home . . . "I'll clean up my room sometime" . . . a very easy-going personality . . . generous and sincere . . . "John and I."



Berna Jane Borneman

Blonde and lithe . . . with wooden shoes the picture would be complete . . . highly intelligent . . . sleeps and reads the day away . . . "B.J." . . . honesty and naiveté.



Dorothy Elizabeth Brewster

Cute as a button . . . sparkling grin . . . off to a meeting . . . speedy knitter even while reading a book . . . hard worker . . . good sewer, cook . . . "Betty."

Marilyn Anne Cadmus

"Cad-a-mooze" . . . talent for making anyone laugh . . . "I'm going on a diet" . . . fits of depression, but with an amusing light . . . has a serious side but hard to know when . . . love at first sight . . . wedding in June 1956.



Diane Marilyn Lerone

Spontaneous laughter . . . a cheery word for all . . . small, but watch her go! . . . always wearing a grin . . . a good friend!



Eva Steinbach Carlson

Lovely, lovely Eva . . . sweetness and simplicity . . . a heart of gold . . . that serene appearance hides a wealth of humor . . . "I'm here, and he's stationed there!"

Ann Rosemond Clements

Ingenuity . . . keen powers of observation surpassed only by enjoyably graphic abilities of description . . . kindness to patients unexcelled . . . neatness par excellence.





Suzanne Dickson Cohen

True to her ideals . . . lover of the great out-of-doors . . . petite . . . a friend of literature.

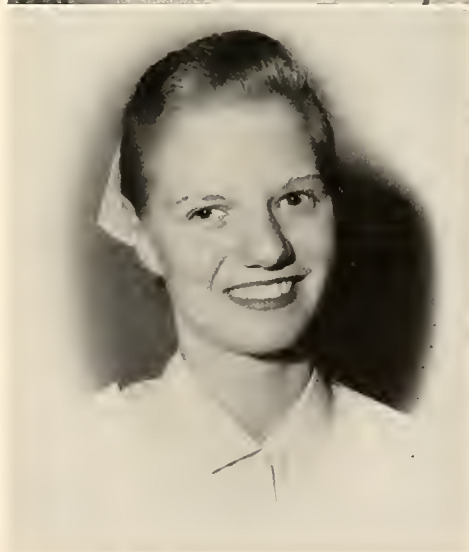
Janet Marie Cormier

To see her is to know her . . . vivacious, beautiful, sincere . . . she has that special something and people stop to look! . . . eyes that pierce and a heart that knows . . . "skimmed milk, please."



Irene Ann Crossley

A number one artist with a dramatic flair . . . overflows with new and different ideas . . . noted for alarm clocks that fail and statement: "Thank goodness morning only comes once a day."



Violet Pochari Gurley

"Punch" . . . a bride of almost one year . . . that blonde hair and irresistible smile . . . quiet and sweet . . . responsible and most capable . . . "Hey you guys" . . . "Don is just so . . . well just so wonderful."

Phoebe George Curtis

"Madam President" . . . the judicious student nurse . . . fourth floor suite . . . eager for reform and gets things done . . . closely allied interests with Columbia University . . . Sweetheart of Sigma Chi.



Sabra Elizabeth Dewey

Untiring athlete . . . sarcastic deignr . . . eternal revenue collector . . . literary devotee . . . easy to get along with . . . "I almost bought a new animal" . . . ravid Charles Addams fan . . . favorite patient was "Zelda."



Vivian Mae Demarest

"Tall bean" . . . back for a repeat performance . . . loves to make clothes . . . usually found with camera in hand . . . early American flair with the Demarest touch.

Marjorie Anne Eckhart

Owner of a much used record collection . . . quiet and feminine . . . trustworthy and friendly . . . "Anybody want coffee?" . . . off to see Alan . . . composure plus . . . questions galore.





Sylvia Jean Eisenberg

Beethoven, ballet, and a bull in a china shop . . . effervescent . . . the voice down the hall . . . owner of a temperamental T.V. . . . usually found dashing off to Kenny's.



Dolores Anna Fernandez

Beautiful coloring . . . a defender of New York . . . scientific knowledge . . . lovely smile and wonderful laugh . . . sees situations in an amusing light.



Nancy Claire Fixler

Affectionate and sparkling . . . should never be allowed out alone . . . cannot resist a uniform . . . "Umm-boy" . . . off on a tear . . . the tango down the hall . . . a most generous and sincere person.



Jeanne Dickson Flagler

"Flag" . . . "How are things in Colorado?" . . . spicy . . . enthusiastic skier . . . our own Jeannie with the lighter and lighter brown hair . . . interested listener with even more interesting comments.

Patricia Ann Glanagan

Small . . . fiery red hair . . . owner of a most infectious giggle . . . pictures of Paris . . . and a wedding in June . . . one of our most memorable class members.



Lenore Louise Frank

Deceivably quiet . . . loves to go visiting . . . the continental touch . . . sensible and understanding . . . takes hours to get dressed for anything . . . dependable . . . strategist at heart.



Patricia Ann Goy

Thoughtful in so many ways . . . "I guess I'll save it, it might come in handy sometime" . . . always neat and trim . . . noted for subtle humor.

Margaret Sue Frost

Our "Margie" . . . from wonders of N.H. . . long weekends at home . . . those 6 long years of courtship . . . letters from "Poppy" . . . science fiction fan . . . "Denny's cows are best."





Margaret Yeaton Gleckler

Remembered for everlasting Christmas trees . . .
 "that porchy look" . . . "This room's a barn" . . .
 continual moral booster . . . her mainstay — Bob
 . . . wedding in May.



Donna Mae Ruth Gotten

Still water runs deep . . . healthy complexion . . .
 attached to the Midwest, where they grow them
 real tall . . . favorite color — red?



Shirley Doris Holman

Sincere . . . good friend . . . hard and conscientious
 worker . . . loves to tell jokes . . . concern for
 others . . . "marriage and nursing can mix!" . . .
 Always rushing home to "Wes."



Nancy Ormsby Graham

Always a friendly smile . . . studious . . . ready to
 go anywhere, do anything . . . often found sub-
 merged in the pool . . . able and just member of
 committees.

Barbara Jean Stolt

Steadfast in her beliefs . . . strives for perfection . . . good organizer . . . sparkling smile . . . infectious personality . . . "Guess who just called me?"



Esther Mae Hlorton

"Terry" . . . adopted home - Maine . . . first-rate fish-story teller . . . hides her musical talent and her uke . . . wonderful laugh.



Grace Anne Honeychurch

Sparkling brown eyes . . . nimble with the knitting needles . . . rushing home to "Les" and good ole Jersey . . . anticipating that big day, August 17!

Carol Nellie Isaksson

Unconquerable honesty . . . generous, efficient, trustworthy . . . inspires confidence . . . the surprise engagement . . . "Marvin says" . . . needs two alarm clocks . . . "Ike."





Charlotte Anne Johnson

United Nations fan . . . glamorous hairdoes and wardrobe . . . successful president of "Blind Dates Inc." . . . daily phrase — "Now when I graduate —"

Geraldine Hope Johnson

A flash from the "New South" . . . vivacious . . . dependable for having the last word . . . "I don't owe nobody nothing" . . . good sense of humor with serious undertones . . . important people in her life — Manley and Dr. Jones.



Mary Elizabeth Johnson

Anthropology . . . memories of Cambridge . . . lover of good music . . . only — days before finishing . . . soft-spoken and mellow.



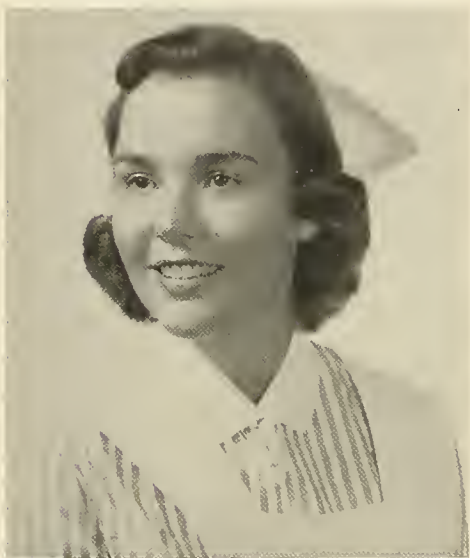
Judith Anne Jones

A pint-sized bundle of friendliness and gaiety . . . ever on the go . . . connoisseur of Indian food . . . a strong attraction for the state of Texas.



Carolyn Jenker

"C.J." . . . little Dutch girl from L.I. . . . the smile that launched 100 wards . . . "If I ever get married" . . . excellent taste . . . warm sense of humor . . . "I'm going to turn over a new leaf."



Nancy Ann Landshof

Sweet and lively . . . enthusiastic and eager to help . . . bright smile and wealth of good humor . . . can usually be found on the way to or from the shower . . . patients' delight.



Phyllis Elaine Kilmen

Sparkles with gaiety, good humor, and gentleness . . . a must for a party of any kind . . . owns a most wonderful laugh . . . will not be forgotten easily.

Mildred Carolyn Levering

Personality serene and happy . . . one of our most beautiful friends . . . good will towards all . . . excellent at handi-crafts . . . "Millie."





Ruth Elaine Lindner

The owner of lovely and versatile hair . . . studious and serious on outward appearance which hides an abundance of warmth and charm . . . level headed in all situations . . . last seen with George.

Eleanor Ann Lipman

Always looks like she just stepped off the cover of GLAMOUR . . . fascinating eyes . . . would remain unruffled midst a tornado . . . laughter down the hall.



Marion Elizabeth Lochbaum

"Rhoda" . . . rare weekends and rarer stories . . . easy going . . . sincere and most loyal friend . . . an original party girl . . . a tornado just passed through her room!



Eileen Claire MacVeany

Good natured and quiet . . . serious moments which give rise to gales of laughter . . . aversion for a certain author . . . "Where's my suitcase?"

Sheila Marie Mac Veany

Twinkling blue eyes . . . slow nature personified
. . . indispensable as Miss Fixit . . . can usually be
found on the other end of a tennis racquet . . .
"How many more to go?"



Elizabeth Ann Mathil

Witty remarks . . . country gal at heart . . . sincere
friendliness . . . blushes at the drop of a hat . . .
sweetness without affectation . . . demure.



Patricia Elizabeth Marsh

Collector of French records . . . big brown eyes
. . . can get dressed, eat breakfast, and get on
duty in 12½ minutes . . . quiet reserve hides a
fiery wit.

Ann Bovée McGowan

Annie, with the light blond hair . . . blue dresses
and vivid pink lipsticks . . . charm and gay wit
. . . those trips down the hall . . . poetry, ping
pong, and pets . . . will marry a doctor and have
eight children.





Janet Irene McIlwain

Short in stature, big in heart . . . a good organizer . . . shiny blue eyes . . . a ready giggle . . . dependable and willing . . . gayness with the right touch of seriousness.

Elizabeth Louise Meikle

Petit and pretty . . . steady personality . . . seldom rattled by anything . . . conversationalist plus . . . owner of 11 north's favorite coffee pot and magazines galore . . . generous and sincere.



Sandra Clark Meade

"Sandy," "Meado" . . . can be found in phone booth or Sample Shop . . . skirt collector galore . . . very sympathetic to teeth and back troubles . . . a charming and capable nurse.



Phyllis Madelyn Mollé

That quiet soothing voice . . . designer of interesting room with swinging Pogo mobiles . . . inherited talent for cutting hair . . . theater bound . . . "Oh, wait for St. Patrick's Day."

Sydney Jean Morgan

"Syd" . . . a character you meet once in a life time . . . female counterpart of Jerry Lewis, but with the wisdom and enthusiasm of a philosopher . . . "Ladies, we must do something" . . . usually seen "twitching" off in four directions.



Janet Marilyn Mowry

We looked to her for strength in our darkest hours . . . a most beautiful person in so many ways . . . class president in our hardest and last year . . . of all, the most remembered.



Jean Margarita Owen

"Jody" . . . quiet and gracious charm . . . keeper of the sewing machine . . . great interest devoted to books and music . . . eventual goal - to work on the West Coast.

Catherine Gerade Panzu

Known for her warm, friendly personality . . . china blue eyes . . . sophisticated New Yorker . . . a human CUE . . . someday Italy and England bound, then a lucky guy and a family.





Sally Diane Patterson

Hurricane Sally from the Barbados . . . the original calypso girl . . . vivacity to the point of hyperthyroidism . . . infectious laugh . . . fascinating accent . . . irresistible charm . . . everybody's friend — especially Lou's.

Alice Miriam Paul

Always there when needed . . . happiest when helping others . . . loves music and thrives on weekend trips to New Jersey.



Ramona Mae Peterson

Honorary member of the "Haunt the Mailbox Club" . . . conscientious, steadfast and the best of friends . . . couldn't eat a meal without that jacket.



Jean Ethel Phillips

Loves salt air and ferryboat rides . . . twinkling smile and fun-loving ways . . . "May I have the tie line to Bard, please" . . . future — Buffalo!

Kathryn Phillips

Warm smile . . . quiet charm . . . owner of the adult toy . . . easy to talk with . . . a good and conscientious worker . . . dry wit . . . artistic touch.



Mary Jane Reynolds

Calm, cool and collected . . . a constant friend . . . possessor of "those packages from home" . . . secret ambition — to be a talented (?) vocalist.



Madeline Arline Potter

Can be identified by her walk . . . bubbles like champagne . . . sleeky black hair arranged in a variety of ways . . . a most memorable giggler.

Anne Richardson Ricketts

Dignity and determination . . . a fleeting shadow . . . interested in all about her . . . questioned as a new graduate she replies: "Well, go look it up, you'll remember it that way!" quiet and sincere.





Ruth Alice Ross

True music springs from inner depths . . . fun loving and full of quips . . . analytical mind, "Now just why?" . . . "Ruth, will you play the piano for —"

Barbara Anne Sailer

Lovely to look at and lovely to know . . . independent and responsible . . . calm and cool . . . never raises her voice . . . makes the PH uniform look like something from Paris . . . poetry fan.



Eleanor Ruth Ruffert

"Ellie" . . . quiet and reserved . . . those trips to the "T.G." . . . the spirit to persevere . . . friendly and generous.



Joan Cornwall Sandiford

"Sandy" . . . vivacious and full of fun . . . owner of a most infectious giggle . . . seldom seems serious or unhappy will always be remembered for her stories at breakfast after night duty.

Roslyn Lucille Schaum

"Rozie" . . . always seen with a pair of heels on . . . the whispering talks . . . always well stocked with information on just about everything . . . a curious mind . . . interested in and considerate of all.



Virginia Ann Schwering

"The Schwer" . . . staccato moods . . . adjective "Old" applied to everything . . . caustic comments . . . extremely good natured . . . limitless imagination . . . owns rare collection of coined phrases . . . a big tease.



Constance Greenfield Schweidel

"Connie" . . . early a.m. subway rides to Maxwell Hall to go on duty — next seen — out the door on the way home . . . happy housekeeper . . . enjoyed honeymoon in one place with luggage in another.

Margaret Louise Scotten

The tenth floor accordion teacher . . . second home is at Drew . . . "How was your day?" . . . the master schedule girl — eighteen hours of hard work . . . favorite pastime — going for pizza.





Joan Elizabeth Seaburgh

"Betty" . . . a Swedish lass . . . a bit temperamental with a mind of her own . . . can usually be found with Bob . . . loves to go - a - visiting . . . a sharp wit hidden behind a bright smile.

Edith Schwarz Shapiro

"Dr." and Mrs. . . . petite creature with a big heart . . . sensible and sure . . . a good friend . . . that always "neat" room . . . Florida and Bermuda memories . . . forever wearing those skin tight bluejeans.



Jacqueline Sue Servies

"Jackie" . . . vivacious and attractive . . . clothes-horse . . . perennial night owl . . . a mean gal with the sewing machine . . . "Tennis, anyone?" . . . frank, just; a most capable person.



Paula Helen Shepard

Heights of femininity . . . knowledge of osmosis. . . life's motto: "Oh life, what are thou without love!" . . . "Oh dear, you just don't know!" . . . sincere and lovely.

Joyce Isabella Simon

Wanderlust and travelites . . . Alaska? Bermuda? Panama? maybe goin' fishin'! . . . contagious good humor . . . "I thought I'd die!"



Kathleen Gloria Spitaleri

Can be located at the Uptown by her laughter . . . has created a well beaten path to New Jersey . . . "What is it, refreshments or nourishments?" . . . an understanding listener.



Francis Rosemary Smith

Georgous eyes . . . cynic at heart . . . loves to imitate people . . . has her own book of true-to-nursing fireside tales . . . mobile expressions . . . "Anyone got a cigarette?" . . . lover of beauty.

Jane Elizabeth Stevenson

Full of quiet charm and running over with warmth and wisdom . . . a night owl and a frequenter of the "Owl" flight to Montreal.





Nancy Dee Strouse

Spasticity plus! . . . letters from Charles . . . owns and runs private lending library . . . an authority on the latest joke . . . generous, dependable and fun to be with.

Elizabeth Ann Taylor

"Liz" . . . dependable . . . studious . . . always wants to work in the service just finished . . . conscientious worker with an inquisitive mind . . . a sincere person.



Susan Franklin Swift

Petit and cute . . . attempts sophistication and charmingly fails . . . always has something to say . . . honest and straight forward . . . good things come in small packages.



Mary Harpen Jewksbury

Vivacious . . . sophisticated . . . friendly . . . memories of down-town New York . . . kind and understanding . . . very smart dresser.

Marjorie Patricia Thorne

"Pat" — "Thorner" . . . sarcastic, spontaneous with . . . charm to be envied . . . an excellent and flexible worker . . . patient and understanding . . . "Oh, what shall I say to him *this time*?" . . . will succeed in anything she chooses except cleaning her room.



Edith Mae Uhlman

Our gal from Texas with the open door . . . her room is like Grand Central . . . if not in Maxwell Hall, try Harkness Pavillion . . . an abundance of good sense and courage.



Geraldine Denby Tullock

Lass with the raven hair . . . she walks in a room and conversation stops . . . "Skip is down stairs" . . . wedding in September . . . quick sense of humor . . . a delight to know.

Dolores Jennie Vail

That beautiful red hair . . . tall and slender . . . calm, cool and most interesting voice . . . good sense of humor and winning ways.





Dorothy Elaine Varney

Conscientious and neat . . . "Guess what happened today?" . . . loves to cook, especially Indian food . . . half owner of the Long Island Railroad.



Vera Gloria Venturino

The clever wit and sly smile! . . . can always cheer you up when you need it most . . . fun to be with . . . one of the original characters of M.H. . . . deeply sincere and warm to all.



Barbara Anne Wagner

Watch out California, here she comes! . . . all sparkles including left hand . . . still counting those letters? . . . a true science fiction fiend . . . "Some day those bugs will get you" . . . a practical joker at heart . . . Miss Procrastinator.



Marquerite Agnes Walters

Known by the peace and serenity she radiates . . . subtle sense of humor . . . loves people, books, good times . . . always neat as a pin.

Louise Margaret Weild

Long and lanky with a rakish smile . . . beware the flying rubber band . . . "W-e-i, not i-e" . . . is a natural for the color blue . . . a teaser from way back . . . a good friend.



Marjorie Sackman Worman

Big brown eyes . . . small lithe build . . . Atlantic City in Feb. . . husband Lenny . . . "Oh for some 9:30 - 6 hours . . . ready to listen to any problems with good advice to give.



Patricia Westbrook

Friendly . . . sarcastic . . . positive in decisions . . . "Has anybody seen -?" handy with a needle . . . record collector . . . usually found sewing, making or ironing clothes.

NOT PICTURED

Carol Foster Savidge

Margaret Louise Wotherspoon

"Lou, the mysterious" . . . epitome of discretion . . . a touch of the exotic . . . loves to let that long, long hair down . . . likes sleep, coffee at 3 a.m., and provincial style; dislikes anyone or anything artificial . . . " . . . exquisite."



SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS



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The History of Our Class

September the eighth, 1953 was THE day. We arrived at Maxwell Hall having come from small towns, large cities, high-school two or four years of college. We drifted in from Virginia, California, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Texas, Florida, Maryland, most of the New England states, Barbados B.W.I., and, of course, Brooklyn. As we lingered in the lobby and were warmly welcomed by the faculty with a reception tea, we were of mixed emotions. Some were skeptical, idealistic, cynical, even "dedicated," awed but all were scared. Scared because another adjustment was to be made . . . more names to be remembered . . . more classes, more books and all on an entirely new and different level. And on that day, we looked at one another and thought "I wonder if she'll be a good nurse; I wonder how good a nurse I'll be?" And we soon knew. In a short time we began to learn the fundamentals of a professional attitude, aspiration and attire. We dropped first names and became "Miss —" to all and donned our lovely navy blue probie uniforms

with the black shoes and stockings. And so we plunged into our new adventure via the twisting tunnels of the medical center. We said that we'd have to leave twenty minutes before class so that we could reach our destination without being late . . . and still we were late. Chemistry, Microbiology, Pharmacology, Nutrition, Anatomy and Physiology and Nursing Arts came our way. At the same time our own minds began forming and experimenting with a Psychology and Philosophy not included in the academic curriculum but which we drew from one



important subject: the patient. On this . . . our patient . . . we gave our first bed-bath, proud that it took only ninety minutes, administered our first injection, and performed our first treatment. Capping suddenly came and went. It took with it our probie uniforms, some of our fears and most of our awkwardness and it brought with it a sense of finally belonging, the thrill of incipient achievement and a promise for the future. In our "stripes" we became less conspicuous and settled down to the task at hand.

Freshman classes and the amphitheater were our hunting and learning grounds but still the wards were the favorite part of each day's work. We listened, we learned, we applied. We tangled with bed-pan flushers and got an extra shower. Ankle-deep in water, we learned just when to turn the sterilizers off. At times we thought, with mop in hand, that we had "put out to sea," not entered nursing, and yet we grew with each mishap and experience. We learned to smile, not cry, in the Diet Kitchen and occasionally our Diabetics ate a complete meal. Vacation, our first big one, came for some. Relief and nights for others. "I'll never be able to do it" . . . "I can't possibly manage alone" . . . and . . . "I'll never know what to do in case of an emergency!" were the sentiments expressed by us all. This was the test; we met it and learned our failings and attributes but the greatest lesson we learned by ourselves was the feeling for the patient and ward as a whole. We were taught this by many in a variety of class-rooms but we felt and knew when, at last, we were on our own.

Our short-course classmates started on their special services: the Operating Room where we learned to grin and pass it, Obstetrics and Pediatrics or the-before-and-after-and-was-it-worth-it? were the major services. Urology, where our scissors were replaced by the plunger, Ear, Nose and Throat where we watched, with amazement, the admission of twelve patients to four empty beds, Ophthalmology . . . constricted or dilated, or however we wanted it and Gynecology where we also learned the mechanics of the folding





table. These comprised our shorter services while general medical and surgical floors were the destinations of others.

We quickly passed into our Junior Year with our big sister's graduation an encouraging milestone. More small services and more bouts of relief and nights. At times we suspected Charles Addams to be responsible for our ward assignments and "time on duty."

Engagements, pinnings and marriages began their reign on the class, while an occasional classmate disappeared from the ranks. March gave us our Half-Way Party and our first opportunity to form a delightful friendship with our honorary class member. Soon followed our Junior Bazaar. The Recovery Room gave us experience in the prevention of snoring, air-conditioning and abcessed ears. Junior Classes brought us more insight into the problems ahead and a realistic look at emergency nursing in the event of an atomic attack. And still there were case studies, projects and broken elevators.

Vacation, once more, and the Senior Year



glowed on the horizon. We wore white shoes and stockings for the first time on the day we welcomed our little sisters to Maxwell Hall and nursing. With proud feelings we could see our own fears, doubts and joys gone by reflected once more and anew in those behind us whom we hoped to guide. Our Senior Year brought us into Clinic which taught us how to adapt quickly each week to a new set-up and how to stand endlessly first on one foot and then on the other. Out-Patient Nursing-Service and Visiting Nurse Service (for some) gave us the chance to live the role of the "Phantom of The Opera" in New York's underground transit system. Orthopedics with its lifting, pulling and sliding made us most sympathetic to those with low back pain. Neu-



rology and Psychiatry loomed into view and produced stories that would chill the most stout-hearted spines but also created entirely new and fascinating aspects of nursing. Between diagnosing class-mates' brain tumors and analyzing their mental mechanisms, we continued to add to the list of the services we had completed. And still there were case studies, projects, broken elevators and now, long passed experiences with measles, mumps, the GI's, and bronchitis. We began to count the days off until graduation but thought "It'll never come or I'll never make it!" The short-course seniors finished in January thus narrowing the field going into the home stretch. Senior Year was sprinkled with various mishaps and strange happenings showing the spirit of our class. Reforms which began in our Junior Year extended into our Senior Year. We fully enjoyed the floating 2ams, the new and better changes in Obstetrics for our successors but grieved the inability to use the Harkness No. 9



elevator and eat in the hospital coffee shop ad lib. Improvements in the dining room were loudly applauded by all Maxwell Hall residents.

Christmas came and went and for the last time we caroled through the hospital as a group, perhaps endowed with a bit more nostalgia than our first year. Spring again brought with it the more-or-less finishing touches to our services. Its rainy and cold weather also helped extend a few finishing dates. We waved good-bye to those who would affiliate in Cooperstown and later welcomed them back with their stories of rural hospital nursing, their snowshoes and their poison ivy.

We were fitted for our graduation uniforms, our caps and gowns and searched among the posted delinquent X-rays for almost daily notices concerning the plans for graduation. Senior Dinner with its amusing speeches and skits passed. May brought us one beautiful sunny yet enjoyably damp day at the lovely home of our honorary class member. May passed and we ushered in June at the dinner and dance at the Pierre. The stage fright began but we diagnosed our symptoms not those of anxiety but of graduation. Tuesday and Thursday in the first week of June were graduating days. At Columbia, and as degree students, we stood proudly with the Department of the Faculty of Medicine while the Oath of Hippocrates was administered to our "brothers" . . . the medical students. We had



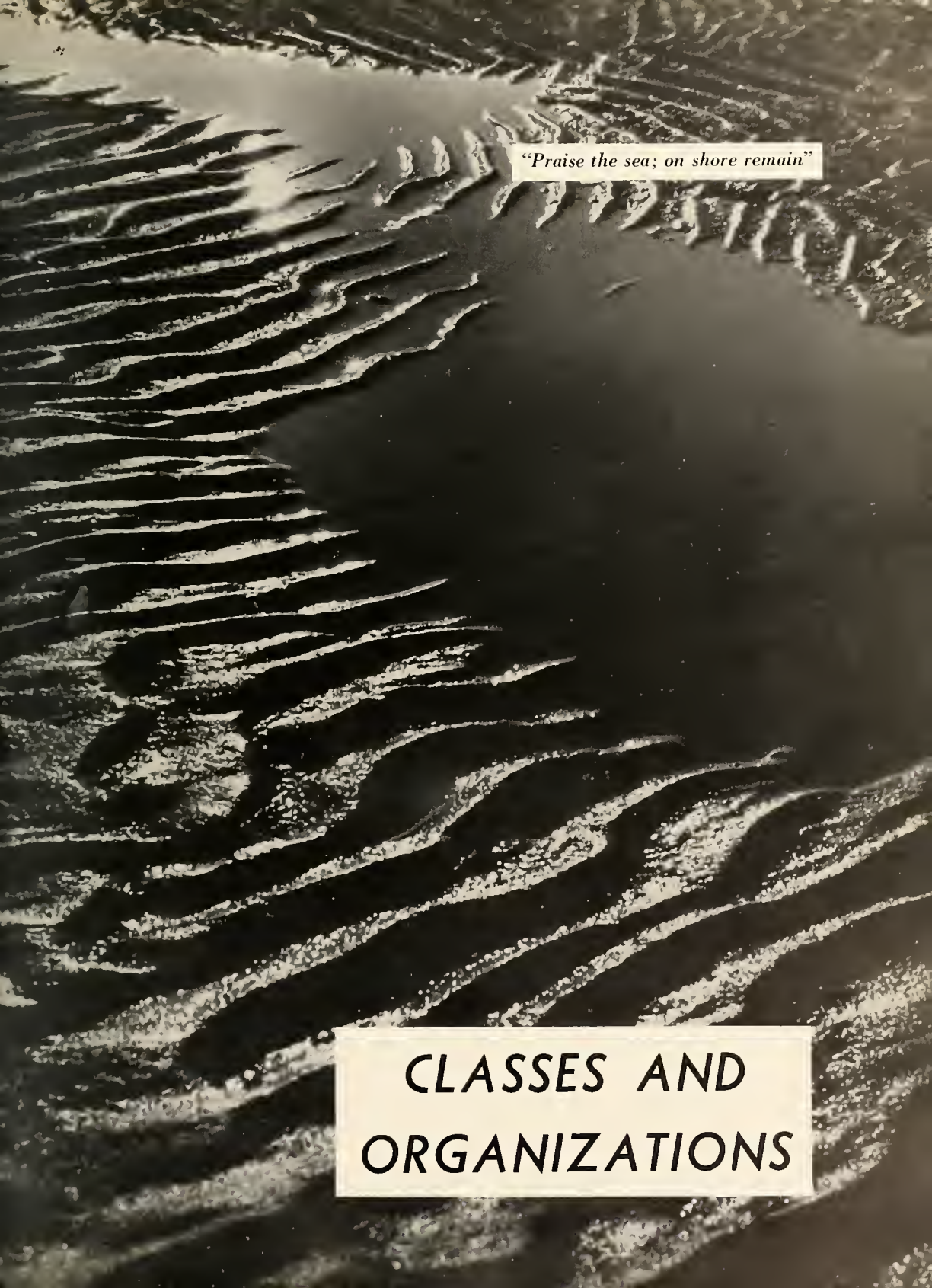


heard it before, but never had it been charged with so much meaning. We sighed with relief and held our breaths for another sunny day for our commencement in the hospital garden. It was a beautiful day in every aspect and we gratefully and humbly accepted the gratitude and advice from the P.H. family.

And so, in retrospect, much . . . so very much has happened. It was during our three years that the Salk vaccine was experimented with and perfected. It was during "our time" that the hospital celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary as a great medical center on its present site. Almost unrealized, we, as a class, we, as nurses partook in research studies of new drugs, new treatments, new medical regimens, and outstanding surgical procedures. We have received an excellent education with most valuable clinical experiences and have been given an indestructable foundation on which to build long after we have been away from case studies, projects, broken elevators and the winds of 168th street.

Yes, as we have seen many changes in things about us, we have also seen the changes within us. We have matured philosophically, emotionally and spiritually. We have hardened in some respects and softened in others, and we owe our success to our purpose . . . the only unchangeable person . . . the patient. To him we give our thanks and without him our history would have been impossible.





"Praise the sea; on shore remain"

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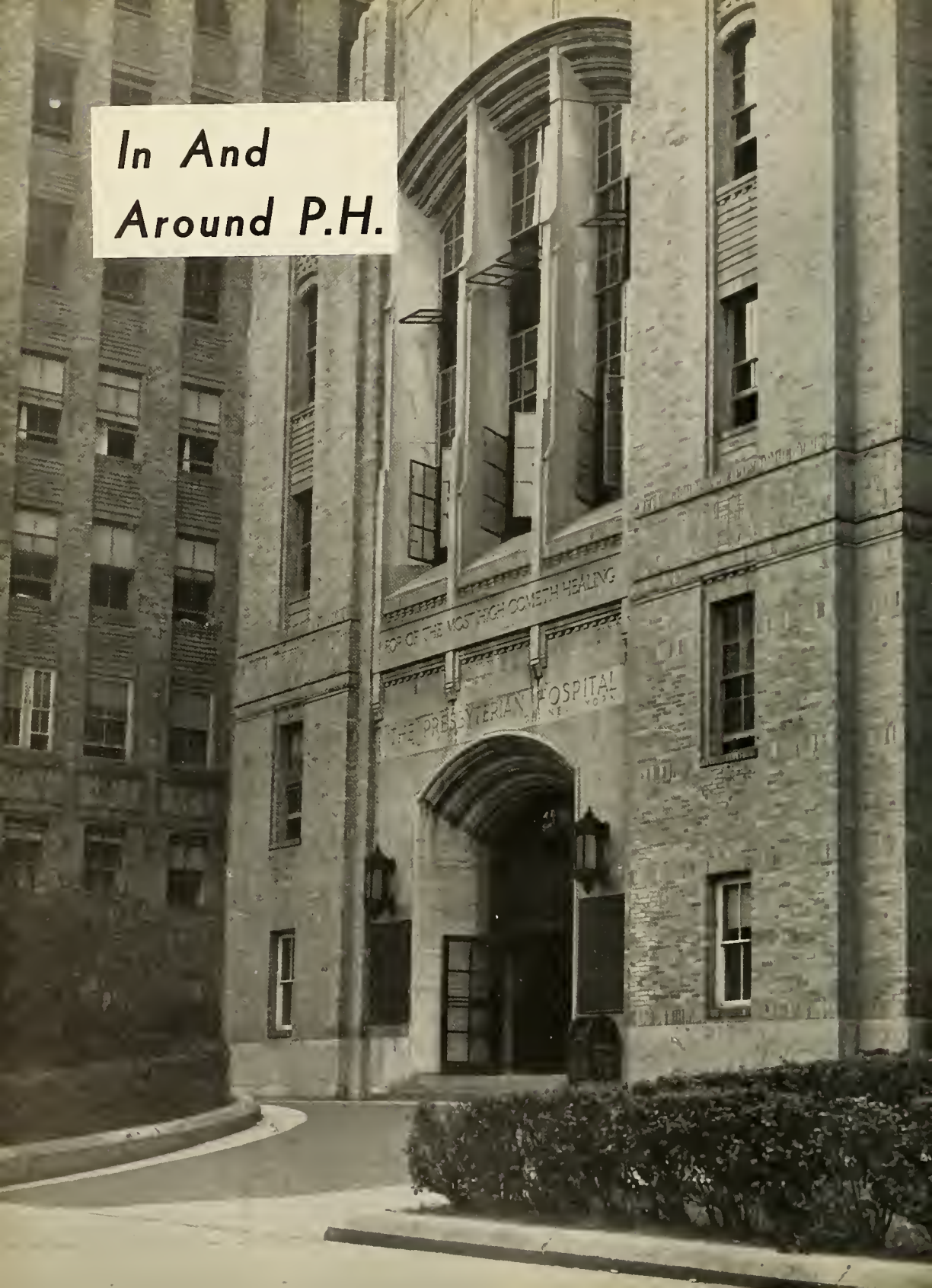
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*In And
Around P.H.*





Ah, to be sick!



"Sorry, the bedpans aren't ready!"



"Does anyone speak Spanish?"

"Now tell me what you see."



"Your operation's all over; what year is it?; what is your name?—"



Our spiritual leaders.



"But really, we got on the wrong subway!"



Progress!

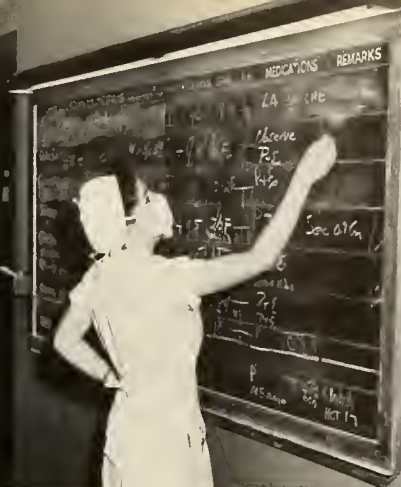


"How many psychosomatics today?"





Keeping the little darlings busy!



"There must be a full moon tonight!"



One moments peace!



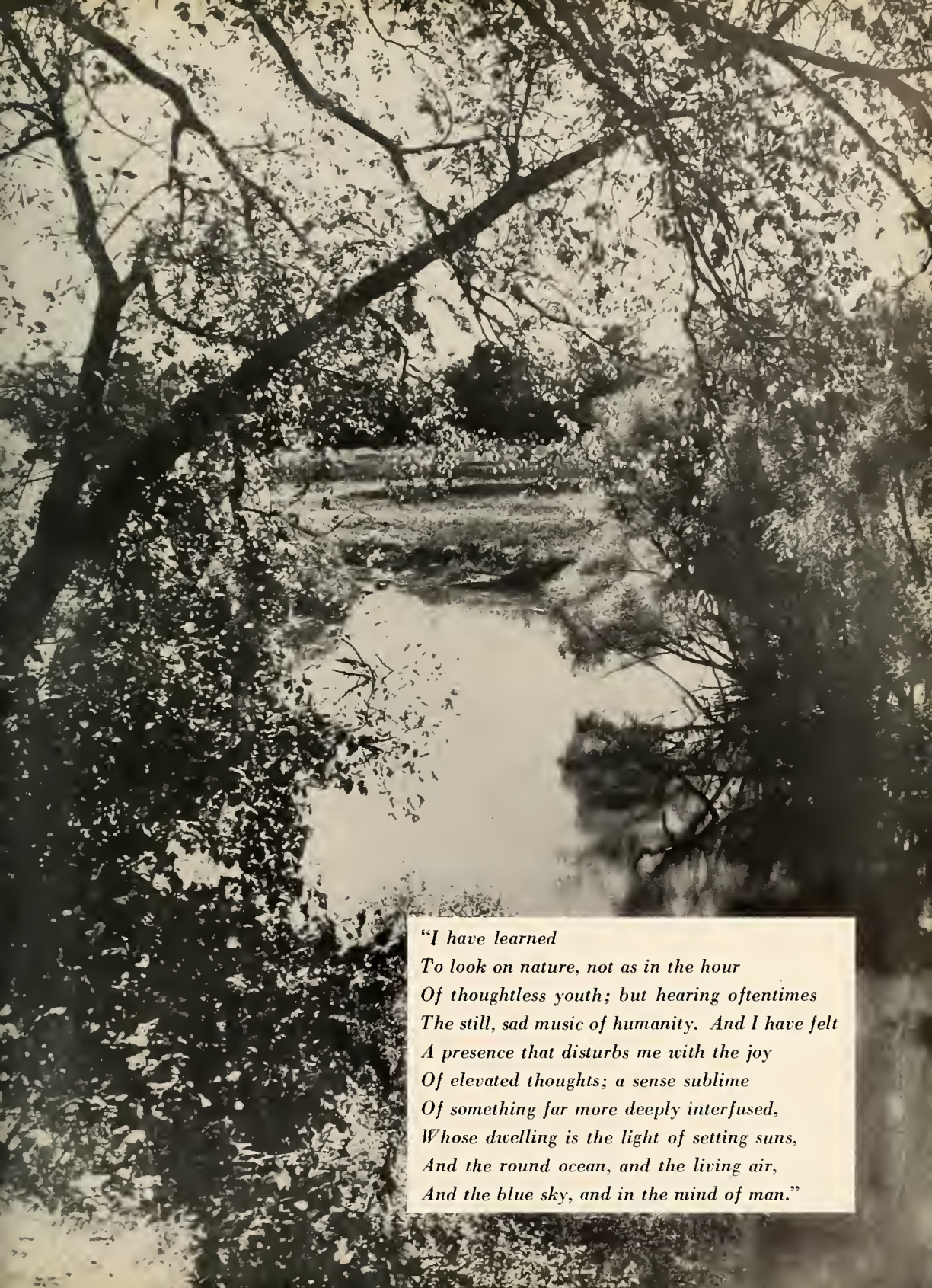
The Lilliputian Bazaar

"A word to the wise is sufficient."



the hands you love to touch!"





*"I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man."*



... at the Plimpton's

*The Alumnae Association
of the
School of Nursing of Presbyterian Hospital
requests the pleasure of
Miss Thorne's
company for dinner at half after seven o'clock
on Friday at the first of June
The Hotel Pierre*

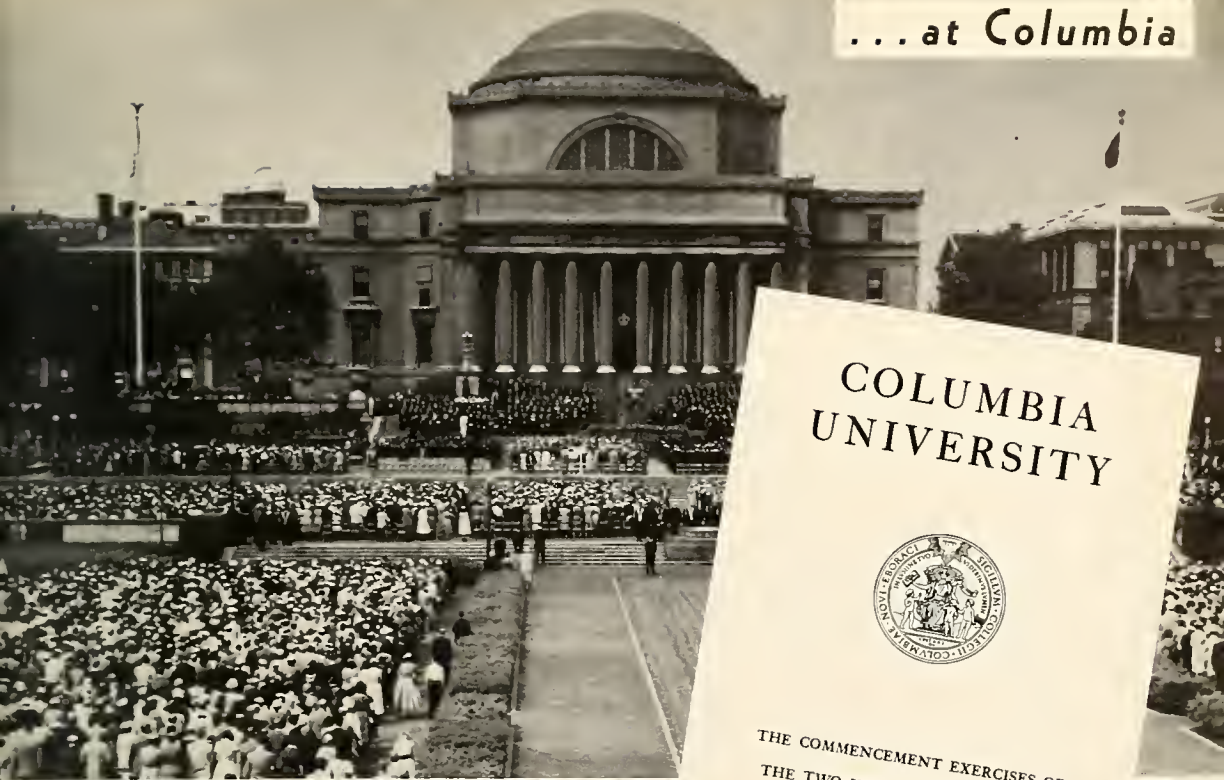
R.L.V.P.



... at the Pierre



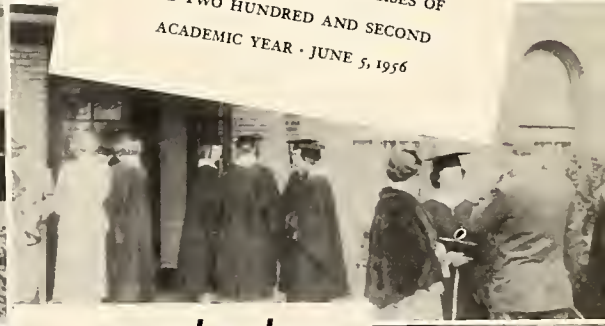
... at Columbia



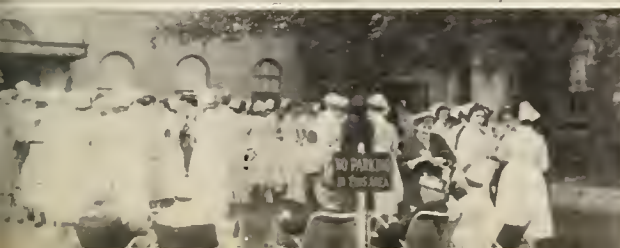
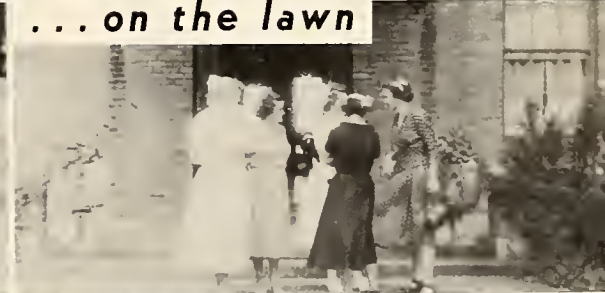
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THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF
THE TWO HUNDRED AND SECOND
ACADEMIC YEAR · JUNE 5, 1956



... on the lawn



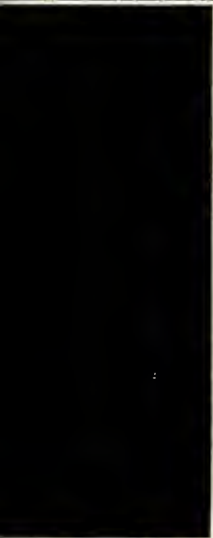
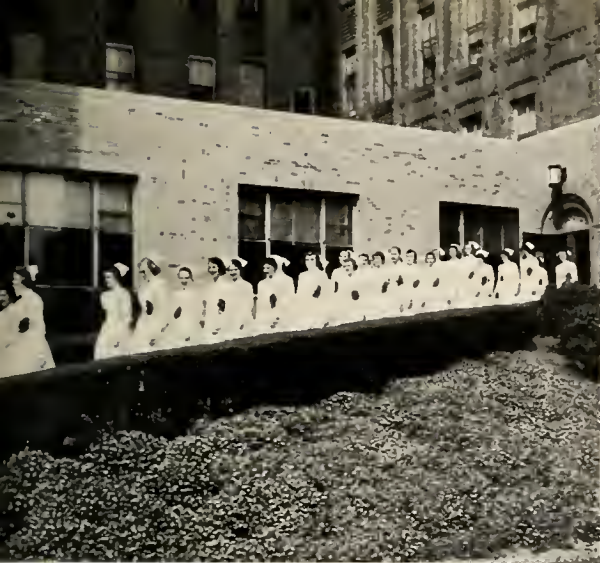


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AT THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF THE
CLASS OF 1956
SCHOOL OF NURSING
THURSDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE SEVENTH
AT FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE GARDEN
622 WEST 168th STREET



...in the garden





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